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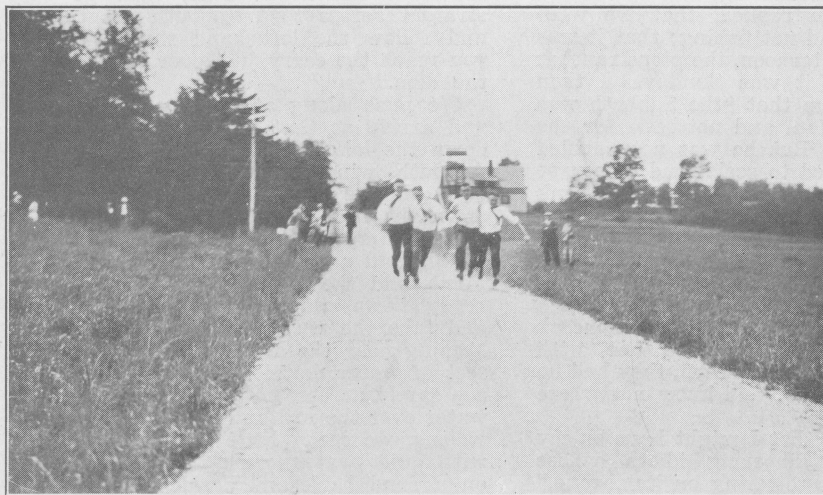
# • THE • NORTHERN

VOLUME 2

SEPTEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 6

Field Day Number  
...1922...



# Some Pioneers of MOOSEHEAD

## CHESUNCOOK and MILLINOCKET

A Story of the Past

By F. S. Davenport

WE three—J. P. Moore, F. A. Appleton, and the writer, knew very well what we were about when we started on our excursion; able and distinguished pens—Winthrop, "Life in the Open Air," Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," had traced and illumined the route, so it was clearly outlined to our imagination, but we did not know that, 58 years afterward it would be printed in *The Northern*, and here we are.

This humble pen will be aided by authentic photographs of persons, hotels, camps, and other things, long since disappeared, a collection of more than fifty years, some lately found and others promised in season for the issue in which they belong, and these will tell their own story better than this pen can tell it.

I will whisper that all the events were as stated, yet were not all in the one excursion, but in two over the same route, and are interwoven because important as history, and for other reasons. This explains seeming errors as to dates. I will tell the story, and you may make dates as you please.

### PART VI.

**B**UT, is it Monday morning? As soon as they are awake they continue an argument of the previous day about which I was in ignorance. Moore said "that, when he delivered

the letters at the Chesuncook House Saturday afternoon, the pious rancher told him that we were desecrating the Sabbath by traveling, and by fishing, and that he replied, that we were traveling and not fishing; that it was Saturday afternoon, the pious rancher lost a day, it was Sunday. I then reminded him that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." "But he was not pacified and continued to scold, and of course I could say nothing more." Frank had insisted that it was Saturday, and was trying to discover how a mistake had been made.

This disposed of the notion of a service there, if Moore had any such notion. I said that the Chesuncook calendar was a private one with which we had no concern, they had no daily newspaper and knew not where they were.

It seemed that I might have on my hands two gibbering idiots, whose "reason was tottering on its throne," but in the hurry of packing up and eating breakfast they forgot all about it.

Three or four days later we did get off the track of the days, and did not get on again until we reached the abode of the daily newspaper. They had brought from the house the night before some cooked food so that we might have breakfast early, and start by sunrise in order to get down the lake, and across before there might be any wind. This is the border of the wilderness—the next house is sixty miles below (the Tom Fowler house on Millinocket stream) next, five miles below is the George McCauslin house, another five is "The Forks," then along the twelve more miles there may be one or two houses, then Mattawamkeag, the first

incorporated town, with a population of 260. We may not meet a human being until we arrive at Fowler's carry. "Suncooked Chesuncook" (as Winthrop called you) today we must part, and pursue yet farther the "wilderness" which flees before us faster than we can catch up with it.

Jack Mann gave us the course down the lake. "Follow the right hand shore till you reach Sandy Point, which is a cove with a long sand beach at the head of it, then go straight across to Weymouth Point, and follow the left hand shore till you reach the carry just over beyond the dam."

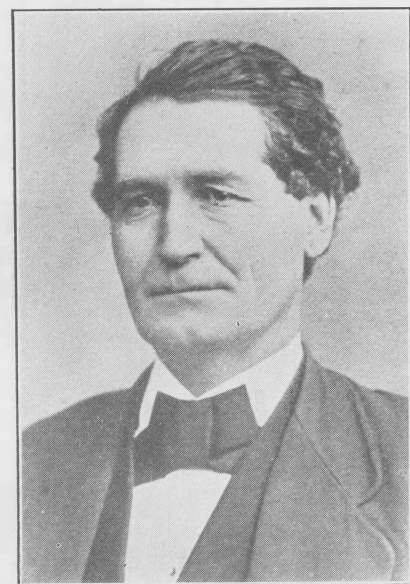
We push along at our best speed and arrive at that point (half way down the lake) in about two hours. A south wind has increased to a strong breeze and we see "white caps" down the lake, that soon will reach us, we hurry ourselves across (about a mile and a quarter) to Weymouth Point, and the "white caps" are already there, we turn to the south and take the waves on our quarter, keeping near the shore in about two feet of water, but it is tiresome, we are safely across, no need to take in water over the rail and soak our provisions, we see a little shallow cove with quiet water, push in and land on a sand bank and decide to wait till the wind quiets down. We look for a place to camp, if we must, find a spot that we can use; being near noon, we make a fire and have lunch. We see just one tree that is alive, a young maple, with the first scarlet leaves of the season on it. I choose the brightest leaves and place them in a scrap-book made of blotting paper for such a purpose, and have those leaves now, nearly as perfect as ever.

Now that we are half-way down the lake, I will describe the scenery. The shores are very low all along, the only high land is where the settlement is. The rise of water caused by the dam at the outlet has killed long ago every tree that it could reach. A belt of dead trees (white skeletons of trees) stands

all around the lake. In places where there are inlets with swamps at the back, the trees stand far out of the water, with others prostrate behind them, making the shore inaccessible except at a clearing (as at the settlement), or, where, on account of the low pitch of water a considerable strip of bare shore, outside of the chevaux-de-frise of dead trees and rubbish, is in sight. It is at such a place that we have landed. If we were driven by a strong wind against a barricade of dead trees, the canoe would be punched full of holes, would fill, but not sink, because of the dead rubbish under it. We could neither get out, nor get in, would have to stay there, until someone with a wooden boat should come along and assist us—not a likely happening on this lonely lake.

If I have called the scenery from the northeast carry to Chesuncook "dismal," I have no word to describe the absolute desolation portrayed along this lake.

About five o'clock, the wind abating, we start along, keeping near the shore as before. The wind quiets down as we proceed, we have a chance to observe the lower half of the lake. The tops of the Spencer mountains are visible over the western shore, and Jo-Mary mountain in the south, over the foot of the lake, passing the outlet of Caribou lake, which is across from us we can see the entire extent of the outlet and a part of Caribou lake. Soon after six o'clock we make the last turn, and have over the Chesuncook dam a wonderful vista of Mt. Ktaadn, gilded by the sunset colors—sixteen miles away—which I am unable to place before you in words. Will do so by a photograph in the next part of this story. We see the Chesuncook carry, quarter of a mile away, across the outlet, a broad road beyond a wide landing place, a capstan on a platform of logs stranded on the shore (a "headworks"



JOHN ROSS



*If it wasn't for the payroll, business would be a happy pastime.*





THE CHESUNCOOK DAM—THE JOHN ROSS DAM

Photo by Jas. C. Stodder.

in West Branch lingo), to tow a raft of logs against a headwind. We have navigated a big lake with three men and our baggage in one canoe; there are no more big lakes until we get to Ambejejis lake, 40 miles farther on.

While we are getting our things ashore and looking around for a camping place we smell the smoke of a wood fire, and see the shine of it through the trees, a little to the left of the carry, with a distinct path toward it. We follow this for a hundred yards and discover two men sitting before the fire, a large tent just beyond. They receive us kindly, we explain ourselves, and are most pleased to meet them. After a while they invite us to share the tent and stay with them. We accept, as it is after sunset, and quite dark, return to the canoe, haul it ashore, carry up to the tent such things as will be needed there, and add our stock of provisions to theirs. We profit by the tent and fire, they profit by our milk, butter, potatoes and corn. They are Tim Meservey, a Moosehead guide, brother to the "Hermit of Wilson Pond," and Isaac P. Smith. (We learned long afterward that Smith was a deserter or bounty jumper). They are older than we, but not much; are experienced campers and woodsmen. Smith a "Hercules" in strength (and looks it) with jet black curly hair, never wearing a hat. Meservey of lighter build. The camper of experience travels and works in daylight, and retires to his couch in darkness. We observed that rule, but lay awake and talked. They had seen the work of bears at a cache of provisions two miles farther down the lake, and had set a steel trap

there, attached to a heavy log. Just as the gray dawn is appearing, Smith sits up and shouts "Boys! I just hear'n that bear cry. He's in the trap. Hear him! We'll go get him after breakfast."

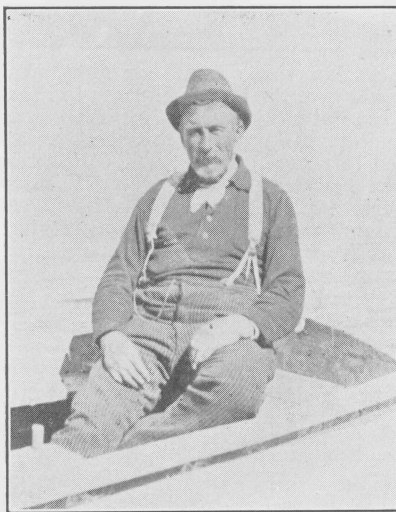
We did not hear him, our ears were not attuned to the crying of Chesuncook bears. There was no more sleep after that. While others are getting breakfast Smith cuts wood for the night fire, as we do not know how long the bear hunt may last, and he easily brings in a log that would require the three of us to transport. I get his private ear and induce him to make it appear that the bear episode will be dangerous. Meservey keeps quiet, and the impression is

made on my companions; they take it seriously. We will see how it turns out.

After breakfast the party is made up. It is to be a tramp of two miles through the woods. I weigh the probability of bear and the certainty of black flies, against the probability of partridge, and that I can protect myself from black flies if I remain at the tent, and the latter decides that I remain; also, I continue to urge the dangers of the excursion, in order to make sure of the joke put up between Smith and myself; well knowing that there is no more danger than there would be in going to catch a cat. Frank takes along his rifle (a muzzle-loader), and Moore his "pepper box," as he calls his single (12 inch) barrel pistol, (muzzle-loader—breech loaders had not been invented), which would discharge a bullet, or buckshot, or small shot. I noticed no gun in the hands of Smith or Meservey. Off they go. The dam and outlet are not at the geographical foot of the lake, but at the eastern corner of a large bay that extends three miles farther down the lake, over which Jo-Mary mountain poses with a certain dignity. The inlet (West Branch) enters a similar bay near the head of the lake. The fourteen miles between is no more than a "bulge" of the West Branch, with very shallow water.

I was not present at the trial and execution of the bear. Will let Moore tell the story in his own words:

"We started on the two mile tramp to the trap. I never saw black flies so numerous and so merciless as they were that morning. I was sorry enough the first half hour. At the cache we found that bears had torn

TIM MESERVEY of Greenville  
Guide and Boatman.





it apart, had broken open three barrels of pork, had eaten most of the contents, had broken in the head of a barrel of flour and eaten what flour was within their reach. There was, at first, no bear to be seen, but there were tracks looking as if made by an animal with a trap attached to him. We hunted around, and I, turning a sharp angle around a rock was the first to discover the bear; the big log to which the trap was fastened had caught between two trees and held him up, one hind leg was in the trap, and soon as he saw me he begun to whine just like a big, shaggy, Newfoundland puppy. I fired a shot from my "old pepper-box" at him, and he started and sprang at me. I certainly thought he would catch me. I ran and yelled "bear! bear!" I never

was so scared in my life. The others howled with laughter, the bear was no where near me, he was held in the trap by one leg and he could only haul it and the log along a foot or so at a time. After they ceased laughing, and got their breath, Frank killed him with his rifle, by a single shot behind his ears. By that time it was near noon, we had lunch, and after that Smith and Meservey took the trap off, chose a new place for it, reset it with fresh bait, fastened the broken place in the cache, then placed the bear across Smith's shoulders and tied the legs so that he could steady the weight of him. We started back to camp, keeping pace with Smith and he toted the bear all the way at a slow pace, without once laying him down. I well remember the delicious bear steaks we had for several days thereafter."

And now, my day on the Chesuncook carry. I have given reasons why I did not go to the bear trap; there was another reason. I have never been interested in hunting wild animals. I prefer wild birds, woodcock, partridge, snipe; and to shoot them over a pointer or setter. The excursion was not a bear hunt, that would give the bear a chance; to shoot a bear already caught in a trap is as much of an exploit as to shoot a cow tied to a tree. I reckoned, if the two men had been camping on the carry a few days, whatever partridges were around, would appear when the place was vacant and quiet to pick up scraps of food, and I might get a shot at them. This outweighed the bear, and turned the scales. The carry, a grassy path, half a mile long, the woods, open, scattered second growth trees, a partridge cover, perhaps woodcock as well, but those I could not find without a dog, unless I had the luck to flush one as I walked along. It turned out as expected, before nine o'clock I got two partridges, then I made a smudge fire, went into the tent, closed it up, put on my black fly helmet of muslin and hoop-skirt

wire, read and snoozed till noon, ate a cold lunch, read some more. About four p. m. went on watch again, picked up one more partridge; just as I was reloading, heard the voices and racket of the returning caravan. (I wish that I had a photo of it—but there were no kodaks in those days.) Smith had the bear on his shoulders (like an immense fur cape) the paws tied together across his chest, his hands holding them.

There was nothing to weigh the bear with; he was estimated at 200 pounds or more. A branch of a stout tree was sharpened and the bear hung on it by his chops and left there. All hands being tired, they rested awhile, then, supper, afterward Smith and Meservey skinned the bear. The pelt was fine, long shiny jet black hair, after it had been removed a large fat bear became a small thin bear. They turned aside enough skin around the chops to enable them to sever the vertebrae back of the skull, leaving the head and ears intact. They would be in their natural position if a bear-skin rug should be made. Those men evidently had experience; all the work was done in silence. They quit at last; all hands retired into their blankets for the night, the experiences of the day were told and retold, until sleep overcame them one after another. I remained awake in meditation.

\* \* \*

### IN MEMORIAM

CHESUNCOOK BEARS

Can the released, impalpable, spirit of that bear hovering above the tree where his mortal trappings are displayed, derive comfort from the admiring comments of his destroyers?

Is there redress for a bear here or hereafter, any place where he may repose in peace in his own skin, "Like



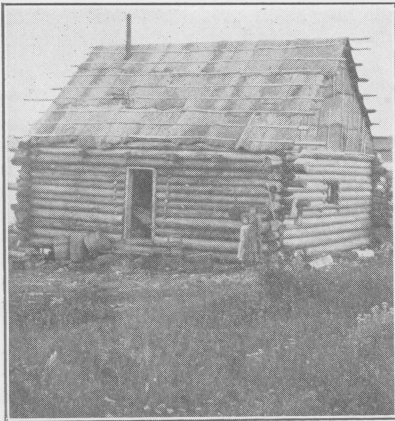
*Gradually, we're finding out that greediness doesn't pay.*

one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Perhaps he was a jolly bear, like other Maine bears.

The notable jollity of Maine bears is a puzzle to naturalists, but is simple when conditions are considered. They inhale the tonic odor of the pines, so do other bears, but this is not all. Down in the wicked cities and towns of Maine there was at this period, an immense quantity of captured intoxicating spirituous liquors emptied into the gutters—barrels and barrels of it. The prevailing winds (in summer) were from the south, on their wings were wafted into the north woods the strong exciting odor of these liquids, mixing them with the tonic of the pine trees. The resulting compound was very entrancing to the bears. "Ah! those were golden days for the bears."

Hotels advertised the tonic fragrance of the pine but did not know, or did not realize the power of the other tonic ingredient; never imagined there could be such an odor in Maine.

The bears "knew a good thing



THE PALACE OF THE PIONEER  
(Chesuncook Lake)

when they smelt it" and rejoiced themselves; their jollity went to the extreme limit. Cider is rated intoxicating by some people. Bears, prowling around in outlying orchards have eaten apples, the resulting conduct of those bears has been scandalous, they have been seen playing "leap frog" on Sunday.

A trick of trained bears in a circus, is to reel around on their hind legs and drink from a bottle. Bears delight in the humorous side of that attitude. Maine bears are easily taught this, while bears from other states require much more effort and even severity, to induce them to acquire an action so repugnant to their moral instincts.

You should not blame these dear little Chesuncook bears. They did the best they could—what temptations they had. We do not pretend that anyone of the bears pictured is "our bear." They are all twin brothers of him, whelped many years later. Very possibly one or another of the

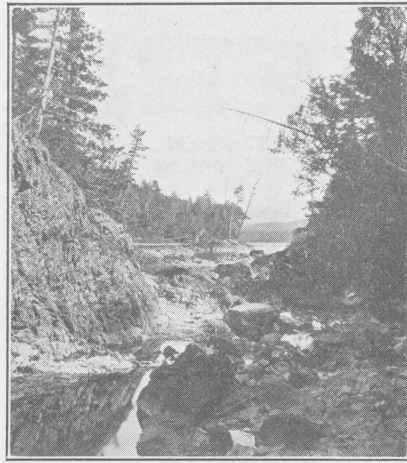


Photo by Jas. C. Stodder.  
Foot of Chesuncook Falls, Ripogenus Lake and Sourdnaunk Mountain.

U. of M. mascots was a relation of "our bear." Alas! all gone now.

If they could have lived to read the bear stories in the Bangor papers of March and April, 1922, what emotions must have found place in their little innocent hearts, what sincere tears of joy or of sorrow fallen from their eyes.

\* \* \*

Next morning they were out at daylight, cut the bear into four-quarters, separated the fat, put it over the fire to boil, extracted the oil, dumped the entrails near by.

We had bear steak for breakfast; later they gave us some steak to take along, and some fat like lard. We made part of our portage across the carry before breakfast, with their assistance completed it by eight o'clock. We are in haste to go on;



ANSEL B. SMITH AND DOGS

the odors around the tent since the post-mortem of the bear, are not "Sabeian odours from the spicy shore of Arabia the blest."

This Chesuncook carry starts on the flat shore of the lake, is three quarters of a mile long, a very attractive woods path, no rags of trees or of bushes, young trees, wide apart, as if trimmed out within a year or two, in places the trees form an arch, shady, cool. First half level, then a descent into a ravine or valley with a stretch of corduroy over a part that in spring would be swampy—dry now. Then a slight ascent to the "put-em-in place" where the gorge is bank full in the driving season, the big bateaux can be launched, and loaded or empty, may be run over the last pitch, a man in each end, a rush and roar of ten or twenty seconds, and there you are on the surface of Ripogenus lake. At this time of low water it is easier to tote our canoe to the foot of the carry, than to climb down over the ragged ledge in order to run the last pitch. The Chesuncook dam (called the John Ross dam) is a

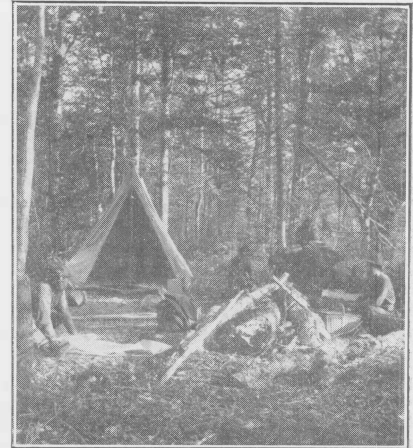


Photo by Jas. C. Stodder.  
THE TENT

quarter mile below the head of the carry, at the narrowest point of the outlet where is a hummock or chop of the gorge 30 or more feet high which supports one end of the dam, the opposite end is bolted to a ledge. The dam is 500 feet long, has twelve gates, a sluice 40 feet wide and 200 feet long; the largest and most important dam on the West Branch at this time. John Ross built the first steam scow at Chesuncook lake to haul booms of logs. He was ingenious at invention, and fortunate in results.

The aggregation of log drivers, boatmen, cooks, bateaux and appliances under his direction was invited to New Hampshire one spring to show how log driving was done on the Penobscot river.

This Chesuncook dam was built up 25 feet in 1910, flowing out Pine Stream Falls, and most of Rocky Rips on the West Branch, above Chesuncook lake. The elevation at the sill of this dam is 909, that of the surface

(Continued on Page Eight)





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## Editorials

### ATHLETES AND HEALTH

Not long ago one of the counties in Maine, starting out on a health campaign, adopted the following slogan: "Health is your fortune, start building it now."

There is profound truth in the saying, "Health is your fortune." Without health everything else loses its value. Life in its big, thrilling fullness is possible only to the man and woman with health. Pain and disease becloud the human horizon. Slovenliness, dirt and indolence react upon the mind with incalculable ill effect. Hard work that develops one set of muscles to the neglect of others, makes us one-sided in every sense of the word. Most people realize this in some more or less limited way. But do we realize that health is something that can be built up? Do we understand that we can start the building process now?

It is no part of the writer's purpose to suggest that the only means of attaining health is through participation in athletics; but we may say without qualification that free, enjoyable, strenuous activity in the open air is one of the considerations in building up and maintaining a sound, healthy body. The playing of out-of-door games should be encouraged, not only for children, and adults who do their work indoors, but for men who do laborious work in the open air.

The working man is apt to say to this, that he gets exercise enough in his work. Sometimes there is truth in what he says, but the chances are on the whole that his work is developing him into a one-sided man physically, if not mentally. In any case, there is something about the free, fun-making running about, after the day's work is done, in good natured competition with others, that makes for mental and physical well-being. The number of such games ought to be increased. The opportunity for playing such games ought to be a matter for community attention.

To play grounds for children ought to be added play grounds for adults. I suppose it may be said that adults would not use such play grounds if they were established. It is probably true in a sense. People don't know how to play, we have been a nation of workers. Also a self-consciousness makes them say, "O, I can't do that!" and they stay out because they can't "do it" as well as someone else. Then the enjoyment of watching others fills the spectators seats with persons who ought to be out in the field. The number of persons who actually play ball, for instance, in proportion to the number who "watch" is very small. Baseball has, unfortunately, become a game for experts. We need play grounds, but we need someone to teach us the value of the game.

The indoor games of winter such as pool and bowling have been so long conducted as commercial enterprises and under such conditions that they contribute nothing to health, either physically or mentally. Bad ventilation, disease infected rooms, companions of a low order of mentality have usually rendered these games and play rooms a doubtful asset to the community. However, we are slowly emerging from our indifference to these values and some day, perhaps soon, we shall be providing places for ourselves in which to play in spare time during the long cold winter months of our northern climate.

Perhaps more important to individual good health than competitive games, even, is some physical development on a systematic plan. There are now published magazines and pamphlets enough to afford any one interested with the simple suggestions that are necessary for private exercise. Intelligent breathing exercises, systematic stretching of the muscles in the early morning, set one right for the day's work, and have a wonderful influence upon our health in general. The poet Bryant said, when over eighty years old, that he had added ten years to his life by taking simple exercises while dressing in the morning. The pictures of that hale and hearty old man suggest that he

possessed that sound mental and physical health which we covet.

Robert Browning must have had the thrill of a full tide of health when he said:

"The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven  
The hill-side's dew-pearled:  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All right with the world!"

### TOMORROW'S MEN

The history of the Past has been written in the history of great individual men. The Days of *Alexander* and *Caesar*. The Period of *Louis* the Fourteenth. The *Elizabethan* Era.

But yesterday History began to write its pages in the records of Parliaments and Parties. That "first generation of statesmen by profession," which arose in England during the early reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, marked a new era in government. For three hundred and fifty years Civilization has risen or fallen with the fortunes of statesmen and politicians.

Tomorrow will tell another story.

Tomorrow is the day for men!

It is *numbers* who will rule Tomorrow. The great masses and classes will dictate their own future. It is the next great step of Progress. Are we ready? *What men we must be! All of us.* We will not have to be skilled in diplomacy but we must be schooled in humanity. We will not have to be great legislators but we must be great *livers*.

Tomorrow is being born with tremendous speed. Not a man who is conscious of the changes coming can afford to wait and watch. You are one of those men. I am one. We must teach where he can teach, write where we can write, talk where we can talk—and give to every man we meet, less conscious of the coming responsibilities, the ideas which will make us all wiser, more tolerant, more honest, more interested in the welfare of all than of ourselves. Selfishness will find no standing room tomorrow. Individual or commercial.

It will not be enough for a few men to be noble and generous. We must all be. It will not be enough for a few to know how to exercise power. We must all know. What men we will need! What men we *must* be!

Mr. and Mrs. Don Leen made a trip to Boston recently.

\* \* \*

Leon White and family are spending a vacation in Washington county.

\* \* \*

Norman Arey is said to be practicing for the fall openings in auction bridge.

\* \* \*

A. P. Hawkins is clerking at the Lobster Lake operation.



*If a steady job were our object, we'd specialize on bill collecting.*



## Indian Names in Maine

By AVA CHADBOURNE in Maine-Spring

To the fortunate person who is a native of Maine and possesses the seeing eye and the understanding heart, there is a peculiar pleasure in the vivid word painting of the Indians which remains to us in the names of towns, mountains, rivers and lakes in our state.

When I was a child, I learned that my own home town, Mattawamkeag, a little village of 500 people, about fifty miles northeast of us, was formerly the principal village of the Penobscot Indians. Many relics have been found there, and here began the great battle between the Mohawks and Penobscots which ended fourteen miles below at a point on the river now called Mohawk rips. There was an old Indian burying ground here and I was told that if I would go to a certain place in this where the chief of the tribe was supposed to be buried, and say, "Old Injun, Old Injun, where did you die," he would answer "nothing at all, nothing at all." I never dared to try it, so I cannot tell you whether this is true or not. Behind the little schoolhouse where I learned my lessons was a hill where the Indians worshipped in a chapel. Doubtless these facts gave me an early interest in the Indian names in our own section of the state, and so first I wish to interpret for you a few of the Indian names which are near us.

Mattawamkeag is variously interpreted as much white earth, the river with many rocks at its mouth, or a bar of gravel divides the river in two. There is at the mouth of the Mattawamkeag river, a large sand bar, hence the name. If you have followed the Penobscot river through much of its course in Eastern Maine and have noted its swift rushes over ledges and falls, you know that its name Rocky River, or the river which flows over a rocky bed gives an accurate description of it. When the Indians in our section of the country were in need of war paint, they came down to Olamon stream, a small branch of the Penobscot, twelve miles above us, and secured red earth. Olamon means "vermillion of red paint." If in need of flint for their arrows, they made a longer journey to the great rocky precipice Kineo in Moosehead Lake,

and that is the interpretation of the word Kineo, flint.

Just above the town of Olamon is the little village of Passadumkeag, meaning where the water goes into the river above the falls. Another short, dead stream flowing into the Penobscot about two miles above Old Town is called "Sunkhase," meaning dead water. Kenduskeag, the stream flowing in at Bangor, means the place of eels. Norumbega, the place of smooth, still water, and that name was generally applied to that part of the river between Bucksport and Bangor. Piscataquis, another large branch of the Penobscot means literally, a branch of the river. Orono, as you know, takes its name from an Indian chief who, according to tradition was a descendent of Baron Castine. One or two towns on the river now have English in place of their former Indian names. Lincoln was Mattanawcook and took its name from an island there in the river which the Indians had so named because it was long and high. Medway, which is situated at the point where the river divides into the east and west branches was formerly Nicatons, or The Forks. From my home town I became familiar early with Katahdin away to the northeast and the meaning of its name, the highest point was clearly seen. Later when one of my childish dreams came true and I stood at the head of Abol slide on the west side of Katahdin and watched the mist rise from the valley below, I realized more and more that as a native of Maine the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, that I have a goodly heritage. Below us the never ending forest of blue green slipped away, broken here and there by rivers and lakes. To the north and west mountains changing to the mood of sun and cloud. Most conspicuous among these is Sourdnamunk which in the early days the Indians claimed instead of Katahdin because Katahdin was the home of Pomola, the evil spirit. Sourdnamunk, meaning lookout, is said by those who have been up its rough trails to reward one with a still broadened and more beautiful view than Katahdin. Among the many lakes were Pemadumcook, meaning the lake with a gravelly bottom or bed. Millinocket, the lake with many islands. Chesuncook, the goose place, Allegash, the place of the camp, because the Indians kept a hunting camp here; Canomagonic, or the lakes of the gulls; Umbazooksus, the meadow stream, and Debsconeag, or Kepeconegan, as the word was used in its early form, means the carrying place. Down the east side of the mountain flows Wissataquoick, a most difficult stream for the driving of logs, meaning a mountain stream. At the foot of the mountain on the

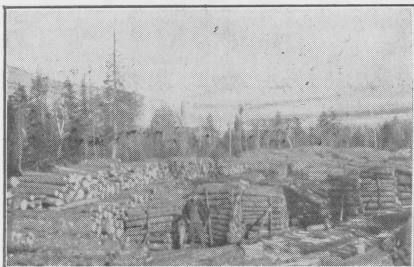
west side are the two streams, Aboljeckemegus, meaning smooth ledge falls and dead water, and Aboljeckarmeguscook, the river here. Our woodsmen save time by calling one the upper Abol and the other Katahdin stream. These are a few of the names still remaining to us on our own Penobscot waters.

It might be interesting to you to note a few of the words in other parts of the state. Sagadahock, the name of a river and also one of our counties, the mouth of the river; Aroostook, a smooth river; Casco, a place of victory; Damariscotta, a town and river on the coast of Maine, river of little fishes; Megunticook, a mountain near Camden, near the large swells of the sea; Passamaquoddy, a bay on the east coast of Maine, too many bears; Pequakett, the original name for Fryeburg, a town in western Maine, near New Hampshire, sandy land; Seboomook, a lake in northern Maine, shape of moose's head; Sahooqik, lake in eastern Maine, where fish live all the year; Sebago, a lake on mountain division of Maine Central, a great water meeting rivers; Cobbosseconte, between Waterville and Lewiston, sturgeons jumping at its mouth; Androscoggin, a river and county, Great Skunk River; Kennebec, a river and county, they who thanked; Kennebunk, a town in south western Maine, settled early, where he thanked him; Madawaska, in northern Maine, many braves; Saco, mouth of a river; Sacarappa, near Portland, where it empties toward the rising sun; Songo, a river flowing into Sebago lake, where the trap sprung and failed to catch the game. There are a few of the names still remaining with us. In some cases different meaning may be found, for example, Professor Chase's interpretation of the smooth water above the falls, instead of the meeting place of the deer, with reference to Norridgewock. If you are a lover of our own home scenery you can find no more delightful study than an interpretation of our Indian names.

### A REGULAR

Judge—"Now I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus."

Rufus—"Not see me here again, Judge? Why, you'-all ain't a-goin' to resign yo' job, is you, judge?"—*B-C-A News.*



## Some Pioneers of Moosehead, Chesuncook and Millinocket

(Continued from Page 5)

of Ripogenus lake is 883; a fall of 26 feet in 0.57 of a mile, most of it in the last pitch.

The photos show the entire gorge, and the channel at summer pitch, at driving pitch it is white water, bank full, from end to end. Notice over the dam the low, flat, level of the shore of Chesuncook lake. Below this gorge is a great change, through mountains, hills and gorges of solid ledge many miles, with a very rapid descent.

At the time you are reading this story, the dam, the gorge below it, the carry, the trail to the "bear hunt," the head of Ripogenus lake are from 25 to 50 feet under water and not likely to be again visible to human eyes. Ripogenus is no longer a lake "on its own" but a cove of Chesuncook lake. If you want to see what these are "today" look at a two page picture in *The Northern* of November, 1921.

The scenic part of the West Branch begins at the foot of this Chesuncook carry, with Ripogenus lake; in extent is about forty miles; if you make an ascent of Mt. Ktaadn, add 15 miles, if a side trip into Millinocket lake, add 10 miles—in all 65 miles. If there is a region of the same extent in New England, equal or superior, as to scenery, I do not know where it is.

This story has now left behind the "Pioneers of Moosehead" and of "Chesuncook." There will be no more pioneers until we reach Tom Fowler and Frank Fowler at Millinocket stream. I will have our capers to relate, and to place before your eyes the scenery of this region, which will be done by very unusual photographs. Mt. Ktaadn has been well illustrated by the B. & A. Railway, the Ripogenus canyon or gorge, and the falls below it not as much. My photographs have not been printed before. They will portray the scenery of this region most faithfully.

Thoreau's "Maine Woods" is the encyclopaedia of the West Branch, the East Branch, and Mt. Ktaadn. Theodore Winthrop is its "poet." These (especially Winthrop) will assist me, wherever the charm or grandeur of the scene is beyond the ability of my humble pen.

### FIDO HAD A RIVAL

Shoeless, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half-aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said:

"Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, telling the rest of the story, said:

"For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."  
—*Tit-Bits*.

On Wednesday, July 26, a bag of Swiss chard was sent to the Canada Falls Dam operation from Pittston Farm. Cook Richards cut it up and served it with vinegar, etc., under the impression that it was lettuce. The crew did not like it so Clerk Ricker was called into consultation by the cook and after tasting and examining the chard finally decided that it was lettuce, so called up Pittston and instructed the clerk there not to send any more lettuce to Canada Falls Dam.

Evidently Clerk Ricker's agriculture course did not prove very beneficial.

By H. J. H.

### TOUGH LUCK

Agent—but, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse.

Lady (over washtub)—I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular for eight years and I've had no luck yet.



CARL GRAVES' DAUGHTER

The woodpecker pecks  
Out a great many specks  
Of sawdust  
When building a hut:  
He works like a nigger  
To make a hole bigger—  
He's sore if  
His cutter won't cut.  
He didn't bother with plans  
Or cheap artisans,  
But there's one thing  
Can rightly be said,  
The whole excavation  
Has this explanation:  
He builds it by using his head.

—*Canada Lumberman*.

### POOR EDITOR

New Office Boy—A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago.

Editor—What did you say to him?

New Office Boy—I told him I was sorry you weren't in.

## LOON STREAM

Abraham Twadell of Veazie was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson.

\* \* \*

"Jack" Constantine, timekeeper at Camp No. 2, has cucumbers, lettuce, and beans for sale. His ad. appears in another space of this issue.

\* \* \*

The Depot is blessed with two of the fairer sex. Mrs. George Sanford and Mrs. Angus Matheson, who are spending the summer with their husbands.

\* \* \*

Ernest Ring, Asst. Depot Clerk, is reputed to be the only man on this side of the lake who can get a good shave with Woodbury's Facial Cream. Ever try Colgate's toothpaste, Ring?

\* \* \*

The crew at the Depot are going wild over a dish made and named by Jim Riley, the cook. It is called camouflaged lemon pudding—submerged. This is a very tasty dish but can hardly be termed as noiseless, because it is a semi-fluid concoction.

\* \* \*

"Bob" Munroe, the "boiler," is receiving many compliments on the delicious raspberry and blueberry pies he is serving the boys. We are wondering how the crew will ever "bear up" when the berry season is over and they have to go back to "vaseline" pies once more.

\* \* \*

Under the supervision of G. B. Burr, with Joe Ayotte as foreman, much needed repairs have been made on Bear Pond Dam. New piling have been added to the "run around" wherever needed. Large rocks have been placed back of the "run around" to fortify same and, in a way, replaces the crib work used formerly. Considerable work has been done on the gate also. The crew finished gravelling the last of July and moved to Bog Dam, where practically a new dam is under construction.

IMA JILL.

### IN MOURNING

One of the aisle managers of a big store recently noticed a mournful looking man wandering around the establishment.

To direct the visitor he said: "Are you looking for something, sir?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I have lost my wife," and his gaze wandered searchingly over the crowd.

To his surprise the floorman said, with a sympathetic air: "Mourning goods two aisles to the left."—*Store Chat*.

\* \* \*

Do not expect to go further than you pay or make more than you make good.



There's always work to be done—around an automobile.

## VISITORS TO NORTHERN MAINE

On Wednesday, August 9th, Mr. A. H. Marchant, Mr. C. F. Kelley, and Mr. Joseph Commings, visited the Great Northern territory. Under the management of Mr. M. S. Hill, these visitors were conducted from Kineo to Pittston Farm, where they spent the night. On Thursday morning they went to Seboomook, then across to North East Carry, then to the West Branch. Here they embarked in canoes for Chesuncook, by way of Lobster lake. Late Thursday night the party arrived at Chesuncook. On the following morning they traveled by boat to Ripogenus Dam. From the Dam they were taken by auto to Greenville, where they had left Mr. Kelley's car.

In leaving the Social Service men at Greenville, they expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the trip. It was their first "close-up" on the initial steps in paper making. It was interesting to them for Mr. Marchant is publicity director on the Boston Post, which uses one hundred tons per day of the Great Northern output. Mr. Kelley is news paper representative for seventeen great dailies east of the Mississippi river. Mr. Commings is associated with him.

The extent of the organization and the efficiency of the Spruce Wood Department as they saw it, drew repeated expressions of pleased surprise as they passed from one point to another.

### DYEING TO BE

Page: "I don't like the girl you were talking about; she isn't fair."

Pearson: "No, she isn't, but she is dyeing to be."

### A MYSTERY

Diner: "Bill, please!"

Waitress: "What did you have?"

"Goodness knows! I ordered hashed beef."



W. B. NO. 1

## DEVELOPMENT

Everyone is full of development germs.

Without the slightest assistance from either ourselves or others we will develop, one way or the other, upward or downward. With the proper nourishment and culture we can develop pretty nearly along the lines we may choose for ourselves.

You have read some of the inexpressibly exquisite passages of Gustave Flaubert. There was a writer who "developed" one of the greatest gifts a writer may have—*style*, but he died filled with the indignation at the stupidity of the human race which inspired his earliest works. And there was *Dickens*—by his best friend uncrowned as a stylist—who developed a "humanness" scarcely equaled.

The world would have lost in the loss of either *Flaubert*, or of *Dickens*. The world loses when anyone, be their capabilities large or small, *fails to develop*. Conversely it gains with the most insignificant individual's efforts to *develop*.

Do your share.

## GRANT FARM

JULY 27, 1922.

Last evening through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Hersey an entertainment was held at the Grant Farm.

The well known and popular fire warden of Ripogenus Road, Mr. Charles Monroe, accompanied a party of tourists from Brookline, Mass. to entertain the employees of the Great Northern Paper Co. at the Grant Farm.

The feature of the evening was the singing of Mrs. Emma Craig, the noted Brookline soprano, who favored the gathering with several classical numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Fifield, well known essentric dancers of Dorchester, Mass., gave the audience plenty of thrills in the line of essentric dancing. Marion Fifield had the gathering in a constant uproar with her sweet voice, singing new parodies on the latest song sits of the day.

The entertainment was a huge success due to the careful and well thought out supervision of Mr. Charles Monroe, known all over the country to tourists, as a good fellow.

### IN ONE CLASS

New Girl (timidly): "I s'pose you're a fine cook, mum?"

Young Mistress: "Bless me, no; I don't know a thing about it."

"Then we'll get on famously, mum. I don't either."

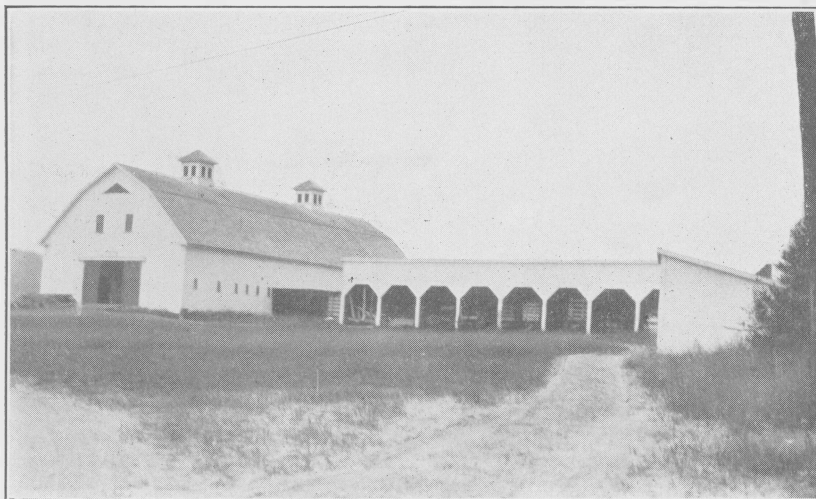
PITTSSTON FARM.

To Editor:

I have been asked by the members of the baseball nine to write you, asking you to thank Mr. Carl Hagstrom through your paper, for the supper that was given them at the Northwest Inn, Saturday, July 29th.

We hope that Mr. Hagstrom will use the same judgment again as the baseball nine always profit by same.

By WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

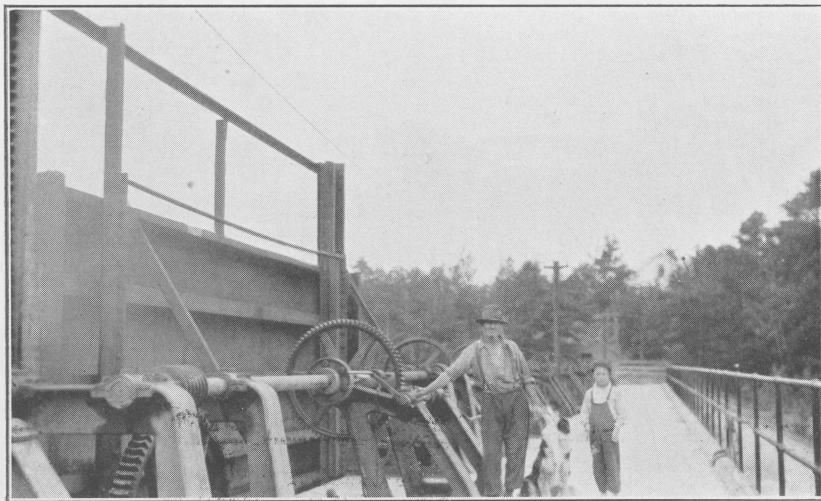


MILLINOCKET STABLE

Many a man with two spare tires has no spare cash.







WILBUR SPENCER, SON AND DOG  
at North Twin Dam

## MADISON MILL

Gus Johnson is out on his vacation, in Houlton, Millinocket and Canada.

Walter Handley has recently purchased a large Winton automobile.

Mr. Prouty of F. C. Bowler's office at Millinocket, was a business visitor at Madison, July 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marden and daughter Esther, spent week of July 16th at Old Orchard Beach.

Walter Rattan, who recently returned from Colorado and has accepted employment in the Madison Mill.

The new Augusta Trust Company bank building is progressing rapidly, also the high school and Christopher block.

On July 14th, Mr. Bowler of the Millinocket Mill brought Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Lester Smith and Mr. Geo. Barton to Madison in his car.

Carrol Eames started on his vacation August 7th, for two weeks. He intends to visit Sabattus, Maine and Nahant, Mass.

George H. Marden and family returned Sunday night, July 23rd from an auto trip to Old Orchard, Limerick and North Conway, N. H. Mr. Marden has just purchased a new Studebaker Six, and enjoys it very much.

Mr. Mears of the Millinocket Mill arrived in Madison Friday night, July 28th to substitute for Ingleton Schenck, superintendent, who is on a two weeks vacation, at Falmouth, Mass., with his brother, Garret Schenck. Mrs. Schenck accompanied him.

The work of loading pulp wood at Island Falls has closed for the season.

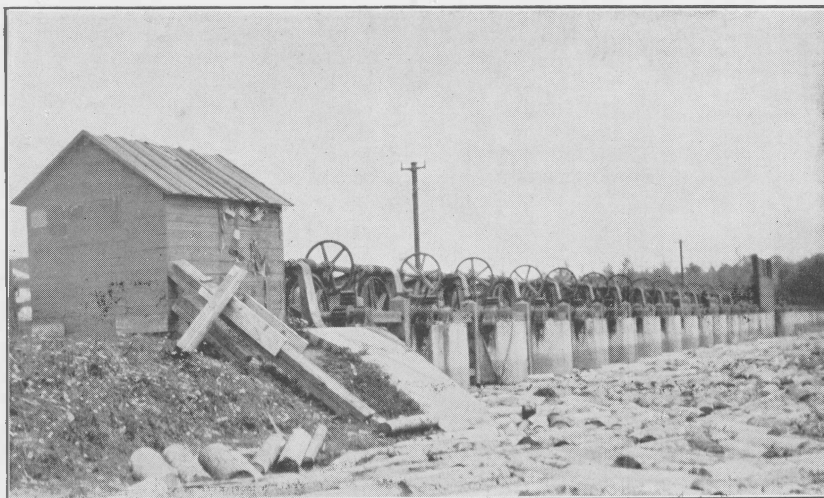
Rip Dam, West Branch and Reservoir Section No. 1 closed for the season on July 25th.

Carl Kelley has spent a vacation at Orono and Brewer.

## OLD FRIENDS

Sentimental Sam: "Old friends are the best friends, are they not?"

Henry Hardfax: "They are not. They have an unerring memory for your age and family secrets, and they tell 'em."



NORTH TWIN DAM, SHOWING GATES

## I DON'T

Most motorists are blooming fools,  
They trifle with the traffic rules.  
I don't.

No man should try to get the drop  
On any seasoned traffic cop,  
Nor fail to heed his sign to stop.  
I don't.

A man should never drive too fast,  
Or brag about the cars he's passed.  
I don't.

For Safety First should be his creed.  
There really isn't any need  
To drive a car at reckless speed.  
I don't.

A man should never lose his bean  
When piloting a gas-machine.  
I don't.

On city street or open road,  
A man should never break the code,  
Nor fellow-farers incommode.  
I don't.

He should not scare equestrians,  
Nor chase the poor pedestrians,  
I don't.

In fact, I have no car to run,  
I'm shy the coin to purchase one.  
You'd think I wouldn't have much fun.  
I don't.

—Dinny, the Cop.

## MEETING AN EMERGENCY

The new preacher was asked if he would like any special hymn to be sung to agree with his sermon.

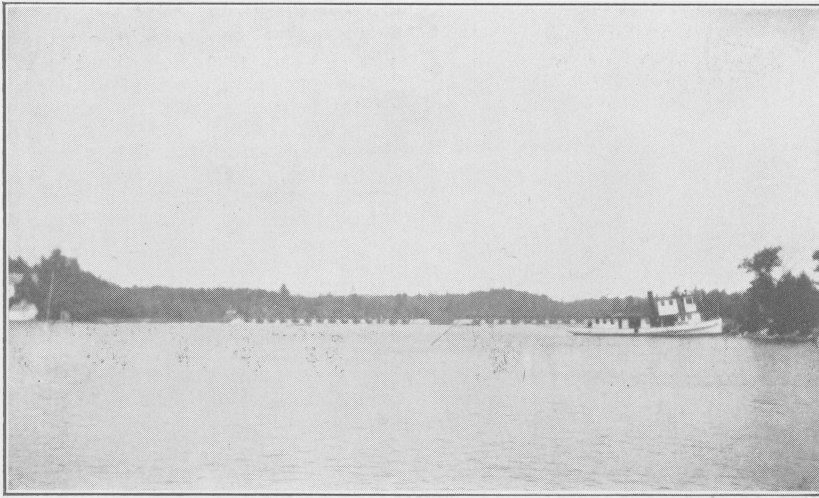
"No," he replied. "The fact is, I hardly ever know what I am going to say until I arrive in the pulpit."

"Well, in that case," said the vicar "we had better have the hymn, 'For Those at Sea.'"

There is no future which does not hold its rewards or punishments of the past.



Leisure should be used, not wasted.



W. B. NO. 1 AND DAM

## Seboomook

The railroad is now complete for a distance of 12½ miles.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Gormier are working in the kitchen at the Farm.

\* \* \*

Mr. William McDonald has been ill for several days with tonsilitis.

\* \* \*

Mrs. McDonald has a new seven-passenger Buick, a gift from her husband.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Wright have been down river, called away by the death of Mrs. Wright's father.

\* \* \*

Crawford Johnson, Mr. Jimpson and John Eames are repairing the motor boat on Seboomook lake.

\* \* \*

The telephone central has been changed from Pittston to Seboomook and George Geagan is the new operator.

\* \* \*

If any one wants to know what time the motor boat leaves the S. & L. and St. J. R. R. terminal, just ask Frank Marks.

\* \* \*

George Ware has finished his work at Seboomook store house, his place has been filled by Harold Little. Wood is taking the place made vacant by Little.

\* \* \*

The baseball boys desire to express, through *The Northern*, their thanks for the splendid supper provided for them by Archie McLeod at the North West Inn on July 29th.

## ... Pittston ...

Joseph Murch spends the week ends with his family at Rockwood.

\* \* \*

Mr. Emerson of Bangor and Mr. Cole of Boston were guests at Pittston during the latter part of July.

\* \* \*

A. L. Mishou says that his corsets fit well and that his hairnet is a good match, but the hairpins hurt his head.

\* \* \*

Miss Frances Morey is visiting her brother, Angus, at Pittston. They made a visit in Bangor during the week of August 5th.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilbert and daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sawyer and daughter, also Miss Eagles, were at Pittston Farms from August 3rd to 6th.

\* \* \*

We all want to know whether or not Bill Harrington's shoe repairing bill is to be charged to the horse maintenance! Bill himself is advertising for an instructor in driving an auto. Bill sticks to it that a car can be turned around in a fifty acre field if one only knows how. At present, Mr. Harmon is refusing to become the instructor owing to Bill's reluctance to provide suitable guarantees to Mr. Harmon's family in case of accident.

Mr. M. S. Hill, of the Social Service called recently upon Hon. John F. Sprague, editor of *Sprague's Journal*. Mr. Sprague is deeply interested in *The Northern*, and especially in the research work that is being done in writing the history of lumbering on the Penobscot waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Wardwell, accompanied by Miss Jones, passed through here on there way to Third St. John Pond. Jack Hazelton and Forest Smith are guiding the party.

—O—

### THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

Here lies the body of Simon Shinn, Who would persist in "cutting in." The day he met a five ton truck, Poor Simon sure was out of luck.

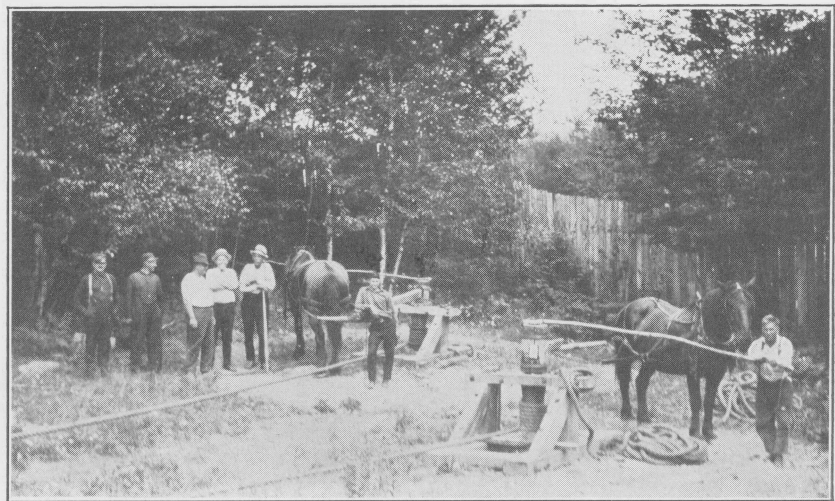
Here lies the body of Barnabas Jones, Who bought a car for one hundred bones; It dropped apart on the second mile, And Barney was slaughtered beneath the pile.

Here lies the body of Willey Jones, Who wouldn't mind his mummer; A brakeless auto broke his bones One fatal day last summer.

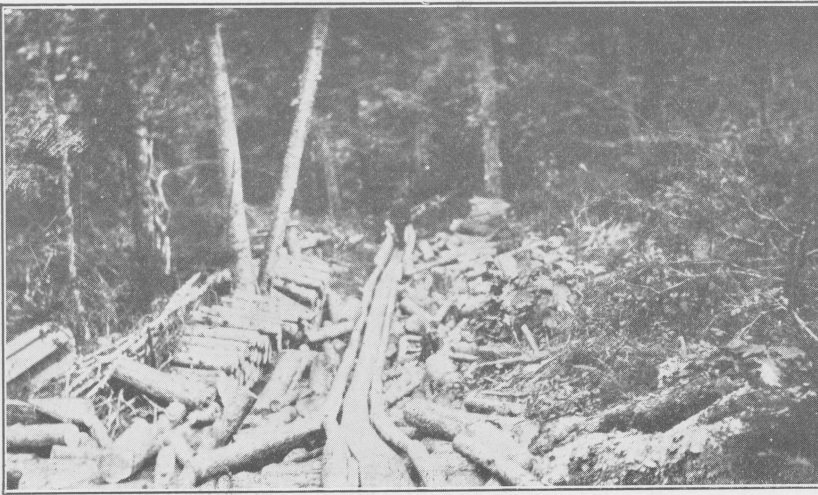
—Poor Mileage.

—O—

Truth most required is the truth least liked.



HAULING IN BOAT W. B. NO. 1



Sluice-way, Lobster Mountain.

## SLUICING AT LOBSTER LAKE

The operation at Lobster Lake is still in progress, under the superintendency of Jim Laws. A large proportion of the cut was at or around the top of Lobster mountain. The job of getting five or six thousand cords of pulp wood down the side of the mountain and into the lake proved to be a long and tedious process. The mountain in most places is too steep for using horses and into many places horses cannot be taken. Long sluice ways were constructed in the steep places and the wood hauled to the mouth of the sluice and run to some place below from which it could be hauled to the lake. The horses being taken up the mountain in long, round-about passages. In one case, at least, the wood was drawn for some distance, and dumped over a precipice ten or fifteen feet then re-loaded and hauled to the mouth of the sluice, where it was run down the hill side, re-loaded and hauled to the lake. On the day we visited the operation, they were making use of a sluice which was more than 1200 feet long. Many parts of the construction was set at an angle of 50 or 60 degrees, in spite of the blockings which were placed in an effort to straighten the steep places.

The planks used in the construction were drawn up the mountain side with ropes by the men.

It was interesting to see this kind of lumbering for the first time. In fact, we derived some boyish pleasure in seeing the great chunks of wood shoot along the sluice-way and leap through the air far out onto the growing pile at the foot.

We suggested using it for a toboggan slide, but Mr. Laws quickly shook his head and said there was no net at the foot of the sluice-way. Noticing spikes in the planks to retard the speed of the sliding wood, we decided not to urge the suggestion.

We attempted to get some snapshots of the sluice-way; but no photo-

graph can give any adequate idea of the real situation, for no considerable portion of it is in view from any one point.

Just as *The Northern* goes to press, news of a forest fire on Lobster mountain comes to us. A part of the sluice-way and some of the pulp wood were destroyed. The extent of the damage is impossible to estimate at the present time.

Seward E. Emmons, formerly employed by the Great Northern at Kineo, is now located at Portland. He is receiving clerk with the Eastern Steamship Co. and has an office on the new state pier.

\* \* \*

Paymaster Fred Covelle is on his annual vacation and Charles Holden is taking his work for him.

\* \* \*

Joseph Bressett has been appointed librarian at the Pittston Farm.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Murphy is now librarian at Rockwood.

## SEBOOMOOK STORE HOUSE

Archie Deroche is making extensive repairs and alterations on the store house at Seboomook. At the head of the wharf an office is being built for clerks. It is 27x12 ft. Double floors and walls will insure a warm room during the winter. A room 12x12 is to be built for the telephone office, which will be moved here. On the upper floor a large room is to be fitted up with rat proof walls for storing the camp spreads. Doors have been cut in the store house so that ten entrances 8x8, make the handling of freight quick and easy. A new grainery 28x24x18 with rat proof walls has been constructed in the upper end of the building. The entire roof is to be repaired and painted. A new engine house has been constructed, and a 15 h. p. engine installed to run the new carrier. A new concrete tank for the storage of oil has been constructed. A new endless chain carrier runs from the head of the wharf to the second story and carries freight the entire length of the house, a distance of 286 feet. The total length of the carrier is 572 feet. In this manner the heavy freight can be stored in any part of the house.

For many years there has been a small landing for the lake steamers here, but the first part of the present wharf and store house was built by Mr. Martin Colbath in 1902. About ten years later an extension was added to the store house. At different times four additions have been built until today the wharf is 220 feet long, while the store house is 248 feet, with the conveyor roof and engine house the total length is 338 feet. The Great Northern Paper Co. acquired this property from Mr. Colbath within the past few years, and are putting it in shape for their work.

### FOR MEN ONLY

Speedo: What do you consider the best years of a woman's life?

Peppo: Oh, I should say the first five years she's 18.



Sluice-way, Lobster Mountain.



*Bankers and turtles must have hard shells or they would not survive.*





NORCROSS OFFICE

## NEW ROADS

Several strips of new road are under construction during the present summer.

From the old Cancomgomoc depot to the lake, a distance of nine miles, Lafe Bridge is building a tractor road. The job will not be completed this season, beyond making it passable for tractors for toting purposes.

George O'Connell is building a road from Duck Pond store house to Sourdnahunk Stream. It crosses Sourdnahunk at the junction of little and big Sourdnahunk Streams. This is a piece of road seven miles long.

A new road is being constructed from Millinocket Mill around to the North Twin Dam, a distance of three and one-half miles. Mr. J. E. Sargent is in charge of the job. It will not be completed until next season.

A cut-off from the Twenty Mile store house to the Seboomook-Pittston road at Beaver Brook is under construction or nearly completed. The length of this road is two and one-half miles. This is another of Mr. J. E. Sargent's jobs.

Another road is one from the Sourdnahunk tote road to the Sandy Stream depot, already built for tractors. It will not be graveled until next season. A continuation of this road is already cut through to Basan Pond.

It is very dangerous to go berrying on the S. L. & S. J. R. R. If you ever decide to go, be sure to take a loud horn with you and some one to blow it for you. This will keep the bears away!

## THE NEW GRAMMAR

"My boy," said the school inspector, "what's the plural of 'mouse'?"

"Mice," said Jimmie.

"Right," said the inspector. "And now, what is the plural of baby?"

"Twins!" said Jimmie.

## AIM FOR IT ANYWAY

Oh, give the man  
Who believes in perfection,  
No matter how far  
He falls short of his aim.

There's only one pose  
Which can warrant dejection  
Concerning your stand  
While en route to your fame:

And that is the crime  
Of supinely accepting  
Something less than the dues  
Of your possible prime,

While letting your faults  
Go on intercepting  
The best you can do  
With your gifts and your time.

Tho' you only embark  
On th' career of a steno,  
Make outlines like those  
Of the Venus di Milo,

For there's art in a pot-hook  
As well as a Venus,  
And *whenever* perfection is  
Scamped, it is heinous.

## Greenville Machine Shop

Supt. S. R. Knox is spending his vacation at Sebec Lake.

\* \* \*

During F. W. Covell's vacation the employees of Greenville Machine Shop had the chance to renew acquaintance with Charlie Holden. By the way, Charlie, how did you like the wild goose ride from Greenville to Lily Bay and return?

\* \* \*

Greenville Shop was represented at Lamoine by the following: A. P. Murray, H. G. Brackett, David Bowser and Hugh Sands. All say they had an exceptionally fine time, especially the latter.

\* \* \*

Milton E. Lepage was a visitor in Bangor recently.

\* \* \*

The clerical force is temporarily assisted by Mr. Herbert Bean, who, after a lapse of quite a few years, has again connected himself with the company.

\* \* \*

They say it is a peculiar sensation to awake and find a good sized bat on the tip of your nose. Of course, Dana is equipped with a good substantial nose but just the same it's a sensation.

\* \* \*

It isn't the cough that carries you off, but the coffin they carry you off in.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gilbert and daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William McC. Sawyer, were visitors at the shop recently.

\* \* \*

Greenville Shop recently turned out for Mr. H. N. Bartley a new car, to be known as the "Reopack."

\* \* \*

F. V. Schenck expects to obtain his home on "Brackett's Heights" in the near future.

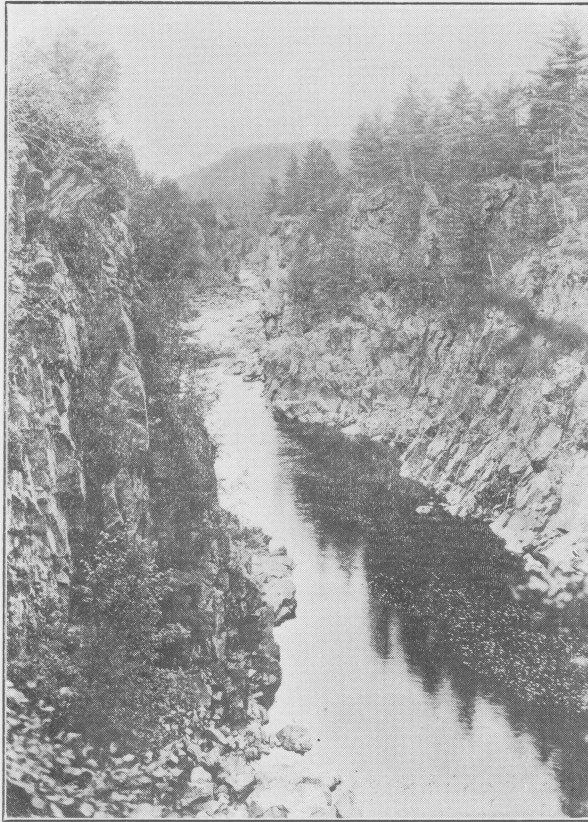


NORTH TWIN DAM



There's only one place where "coming close" counts—that's in horseshoes.

## Eighth Annual Field Day THE NORTHERN CLUB of Bangor



SHORE ACRES AT LAMOINE, AUG. 12, 1922

### FIELD DAY AT SHORE ACRES

The annual field day is an event with the employes of the Great Northern Paper Co. This year the meeting was held at Shore Acres, Lamoine. From every part of the Great Northern territory came men, women and children. It is the subject of conversation and plan among the employes for weeks ahead. No point is too remote to send its representative or its delegation.

The day appointed, August 12th, arrived. The weather was at its best, and the spot selected unexcelled. By ten o'clock the guests were gathering and Mr. Sherman Douglas, the host of the occasion was passing around the welcoming word and hearty hand shake. Everybody went from Bangor by auto. The cars were furnished by the Company, Henry Bartley of Greenville, and the Franklin Motor Co. of Bangor. There was lots of room for everybody.

The athletic events started on schedule time. The program was planned and carried out under the personal attention of Mr. Earl Brown and Ira Barker. The events, with

the names of the successful contestants were as follows:

### WINNERS IN FIELD EVENTS

100 Yard Dash—Men—1st, Joe Murry; 2nd, William Murry.

50 Yard Dash—Ladies—1st, Elenor Murry; 2nd, Elizabeth Harkness.

50 Yard Dash—Little Girls—1st, Dorothy Ramsey; 2nd, Beryl Bryant.

Shot Put—Men—1st, Wm. Murry; 2nd, Joe Murry.

Potatoe Race—Ladies—1st, Elizabeth Harkness; 2nd, Beryl Bryant.

Standing Broad Jump—Men—1st, Forrest Comber; 2nd, Harold Barton.

3-Legged Race—Men—1st, Houghton-Billings; 2nd, McVey-Comber.

Baseball Throw—Ladies—1st, Elizabeth Harkness; 2nd, Geneva Burr.

As this part of the program came to a close, dinner was announced. There was very little hesitation on the part of the guests, only a few of us had to be urged to "come on up." The tables were soon filled by hungry men and women. It was a wonderful dinner! It was planned, cooked and served under Mr. Douglas' personal direction. There were 291 guests at the tables which were set out of doors under a canvas top. Harold Miller's orchestra of seven pieces furnished excellent music.

### DINNER

Pickles	Olives	Crackers
Haddock Chowder a la Shore Acres		
Steamed Clams a la Douglas		
Clam Bouillon	Drawn Butter	
Lobster a la Lamoine		
Potato Chips	Drawn Butter	
Green Corn		
Blueberry Pie	Doughnuts	
Ice Water	Coffee	
Milk for the Kiddies		
Music by Harold Miller's Orchestra		
Six Pieces.		

After dinner, everybody had to see someone! Hand shaking and jollying, and story telling occupied the time till the ball game was called at 2:30 o'clock. The Regulars and the Irregulars lined up for a try at the bat. If it was not all science, some of it was funny! On the whole, it was the kind of a game that makes Field Day worth while.



Field Day.



*It isn't only the blows a prize-fighter can give, it's the blows he can take.*



Watching Sports, Field Day.

## SUPPER

Olives	Broiled Chicken	Crackers
	French Fried Potatoes	
Cucumbers		Sliced Tomatoes
	French Dressing	
	Parker House Rolls	
Ice Cream and Cake		Coffee
	Milk for the Kiddies.	
Cream furnished by the Thorsen Farm, Hancock, Maine.		

When supper was called at 5:30 there was lacking on the faces of the guests that serious, eager look which was so plain to see at the dinner call. But, if they responded more leisurely this time, they all took their places just the same—and most of them made good.

After supper the prizes were distributed to the winners in the athletic contests. The prizes were donated by Dan T. Sullivan, T. R. Savage Co., Haynes & Chalmers, Adams Furnishing Co. and Rice & Miller Co. The cigars were furnished by the T. R. Savage Co.

Mr. Fred Gilbert was called upon for a speech, and responded. He told some stories of changes that have taken place in the lumber industry during his life time, and gave a good word of encouragement to the earnest and ambitious young men.

Many of the guests stayed for the dancing which was enjoyed at the hall, but some of us old fellows moved on toward home "before it was late."

It was a big day. Everybody said so!

## OFFICERS

E. E. Brown, President  
L. G. White, Vice President  
H. L. Miller, Treasurer  
L. W. O'Connor, Secretary

## COMMITTEES

Grounds and Banquet	
I. W. Barker	R. L. Waymouth
C. F. Friend	
Transportation	
D. J. Leen	H. C. Willey
Howard Simpson	J. B. Pratt
Field Sports	
L. E. Houghton	H. W. Wright
H. L. Barton	
Music	
H. L. Miller	Wm. St. J. Murray
Printing	
L. W. O'Connor	C. W. Curtis
H. L. Sinnott	

The officers elected for the following year are as follows:

LEON G. WHITE, *President*  
IRA W. BARKER, *Vice President*  
H. CLIFFORD KENNEY, *Secretary*  
HAROLD L. MILLER, *Treasurer*

If a young man should apply to us for a position we should not demand of him perfect work, knowing it to be impossible; nor should we mention the necessity of *desiring* to do perfect work, this we would take foregranted; but, a rarer and more valuable virtue: the *ability to appreciate perfection*.

It does not pay to aspire unless the aspiration is high. One does not always know "perfection" intuitively—the appreciation of perfection comes from a *character* having the germs of perfection within *itself*.

This is why we would set store by what a young man might tell us of his *ideas of perfection*.

## NO JUDGE

Husband: "Did you take me for a fool when you married me?"

Wife: "No, Thomas, I did not; but then, you always said I was no judge of character."

## RECENT MARRIAGES

Robert Moore and Hazel Goodwin, married August 3rd. Miss Goodwin was the teacher at Rip Dam for the past two years.

\* \* \*

Fred Cornier and Elizabeth Whitten, married at Greenville recently.

\* \* \*

Henry Markee and Mrs. Henrietta McRee, married at Bangor, August 21st.

—o—

## ALL WORN OUT

Maisie rushed into the nursery and announced, to the accompaniment of excited clapping of hands, that Auntie had a new baby.

Tommy, who was making up his stamp album, said: "Well, what's the matter with the old one—worn out?"

—o—

John Vallette of the Attleboro Daily Inn, who has a summer residence at Camden, Maine, spent a few days recently at the Grant Farm on a fishing trip. He was accompanied by his family.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bert Burr spent a week recently at Canada Dam with Mr. Burr.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glaster have been spending the summer at Northport.

—o—

## TIMES CHANGE

"I was not always thus," said the seedy-looking speaker. "When I first opened my eyes upon this world, our family circumstances were far better than are mine. Time was when I was accustomed to pass this very spot in my own carriage, and my mother—bless her—"

"Used to push it," bawled an unsympathetic member of the audience.

—o—

Mr. Glaster reports that 60 tons of hay and 15 tons of fodder have been harvested on the 'Suncook Farms.



Ladies' 60-Yard Dash—Field Day





## THE END OF AN UNBLAZED TRAIL

The following story was told to me years ago in a lumbering camp by 'Deacon' Henry Averill, of Old Town, Maine, an old dam builder and scaler on the big pine logs in the days when Bangor was one of the leading lumber ports of the world.

Eph O'Leary wan't a Hebrew name, tho they called him the Wandering Jew,  
For Eph was a wraith of the lumber woods, as all old timers knew,  
And his beat was the camps from the 'Big Renous' to the church  
Near St. Phomphile.  
But ever his homeward trail was turned towards the Falls near the  
Goddard Field.  
Once he was a boatman, the very best, in the 'Old Pod Auger Days;  
And he knew of the dangers of the driving streams, and the set of the  
Water ways,  
From the Argyle Boom to the Telos Cut, from the Rips to the 'Old  
Lock Dam'  
"Eph O'Leary can show the best," was the boast of Russ Loveland.

A bend of the paddle at the head of the 'Jaws,' the break of a  
Setting pole  
And Eph and his crew all went adrift at the head of the 'Devil's Hole.'  
Over the 'Falls' the old boat went, three were drowned in the  
Undertow,  
But they found Old Eph near the 'big gray rock' on the bow of his  
Old bateau,  
Battered and beat by the boiling stream, leg broke, and we thought  
Him dead.  
But his time hadn't come and he pulled thro, tho a little wrong in  
His head.  
In the Goddard Field we dug their graves, and there we buried the  
Three,  
To us each mound was holy ground, to Eph twa's Geth-sem-a nee.

And this was the dream that the old man dreamed, 'twas he that  
Drowned the men,  
While his curse was this—for to walk the earth, till Christ would  
Come again.  
This was the price that he must pay, the price for the break of a pole,  
That he must wander till judgment day, in search of his lost soul.  
So this was the dream that this dreamer dreamed, and this carried  
His weary feet,  
From the Sourdnahunk to the Allegash, from lake to mountain peak.  
Wandering for months in the woods alone, hunting near Lunkasoo,  
For a silent hand drew him ever on, the curse of a wandering Jew.

Down from the lakes of the Allegash, down from the land of snow,  
It was Christmas Eve and his weary feet had many a mile to go.  
To a hunter's camp at the Telos Cut, and the star that led him on  
Was perhaps the star that the Shepherds saw two thousand years  
Agone.

For the heavens that night looked just the same, e'en tho the ages run,  
And that which led the three wise men, now beckoned this foolish one.  
They found him dead in the hunter's camp; by the smile on his face  
We knew  
That the old man found before he died, the dream that he dreamed  
Wasn't true.

B. W. H.

This was received at the Northern office just as Mr. Howe was leaving his home in Patten for the hospital, where death came to him.

## WHERE HE WAS

The minister met Tom, the village ne'er-do-well, and, much to the latter's surprise, shook him heartily by the hand, "I'm so glad you've turned over a new leaf, Thomas," said the good man.

"Me?" returned Tom, looking at him dubiously.

"Yes, I was so pleased to see you at the prayer meeting last night."

"Oh," said Tom, light breaking in on him, "so that's where I was, is it?"  
—*Tit-Bits.*

The fool taxes himself four times as much as Congress.

## THE MAN AT THE DESK

By PAUL HAYDEN

About the most unpleasant remark an American can make to another American is, "You are no sport."

The boy playing "cat" in the street knows this.

The college athlete has a code above the possibility of incurring the epithet.

Every man who plays games appreciates all that is implied in the word "sport."

The sporting instinct is peculiarly one of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. It is a development of the civilization of "getting along together."

And there are sports of business as well as games. But not so many. There should be more.

And of tremendous necessity today is the necessity of bringing the fine American spirit of sportsmanship to the fore. We should meet the problems before us with this spirit. Millions of fellow humans are being beaten. We must give them a chance. Treat them as fellow fighters of the world's economic battles.

We must be sports.

\* \* \*

A lot of fellows think they have reached their destination at the first half-way house.

Life itself is but a half way proposition—you can never go too far in it.

\* \* \*

Even our old planet with some 2,500 years of so-called civilization, we may hope has only arrived about half way of its final condition.

\* \* \*

No Sir! The one thing to remember, no matter how far along the road to success you may think yourself, *you are no more than one half as far as you can go.*

You may be a going proposition but you have not arrived.

\* \* \*

There are companies which repress the initiative of their men—if you are in such a company, your salvation will be the preparation for getting out. There are other companies which pay half the expenses of their employees in training their capabilities—if you are in such a company, take advantage of what a dozen other young men would jump at. If it is up to you yourself to make your *own* opportunities and make yourself ready for them at the same time—the more credit to you. The fates make good for a man who makes good for himself.

Fortune favors a "fighter" every time.

\* \* \*

The more capacity a man has the more he realizes the necessity of training for larger opportunities.



*Every man hates to buy a new hat or a new pair of shoes.*